

Local Items

All About Our Town And Its People

P. G. Wright made a business trip to Ionia Monday.

Mrs. Victor Pickard of Lake City came down on Saturday to visit at the home of her son, Bruce, who will soon leave for the army.

Mrs. M. Moore of Winona, Minn., is a guest of her brother-in-law, R. Howard Hall at Hotel Belding for several weeks.

The Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miske were Rob Reed, Parry Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. McLean, all of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert DeLano and the former's father, Ira DeLano, went to Grand Rapids Saturday morning on a business trip. Ira DeLano has just recently moved to this city and has purchased a home on Moulton street from his son.

Fly the flag—but for Old Glory's respect, take it in at sundown each night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kennedy went to Grand Rapids Saturday morning to visit for a short time with their daughter, Mrs. Edith Watson.

Mrs. Ed. Covert and son Edgar, Jr., and daughter, Myrtle went to Ionia Saturday morning to visit over Sunday with their husband and father, who is working in the county seat.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Hayes of Grand Rapids were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Walser, last week. They also visited with other relatives near here. Mrs. Walser has been on the sick list for some time and Mrs. Hayes has been helping care for her.

Miss Flossie Brooks came to Ionia Saturday afternoon to visit over Sunday with her father, Add. Brooks.

Mrs. H. C. Boardman of Ionia returned home Saturday afternoon after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Heether for a time.

Mrs. Lizzie McCullum of Greenville returned home Saturday evening after having been at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Scheidt of Keene at whose home a dandy son recently arrived.

Joe McNitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNitt of this city, left here Saturday afternoon for Detroit where he will take the balance of the examination for the Marines' branch of the national service.

Harrison Pierce, of Greenville, caught the early train home Monday morning, after a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bowles.

Mr. Pierce, though well along in years makes frequent trips to his relatives home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Chase visited at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miske, Saturday and Sunday.

Harry Barber returned to his work as a railroad man out of Saginaw Friday morning, after visiting at the home of his wife in this city for a short time.

Mrs. Clark Graves went to Greenville Friday morning on a business trip.

Mrs. Mallory Chamberlain and son, Earl, of Ionia, returned home Monday noon after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Tony Powell and family.

The 14-month-old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schmid, 312 King St., Ionia died Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The funeral was held from the residence Sunday afternoon at 4:30. Interment in Highland Park cemetery, Ionia, Rev. M. L. March, officiating. Ionia Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Scheid were until recently residents of this city.

LeRoy Francisco, son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Francisco is confined to a military hospital at Ann Arbor with the "flu", according to a telegram to his parents here Friday night.

Mrs. J. C. Ballard of Sparta spent the week-end here with her husband and together with Mr. Ballard met the multitudes who thronged the new Ballard-Lloyd store at Saturday's opening.

Mrs. Gladys Dutt, who has been visiting in the west for several months, arrived in the city for a few days' visit with relatives and friends. Mrs. Dutt will go to Alma for a short visit and from there to Lansing, where she will attend school this winter.

The Empress theater have just contracted to show the Select Pictures in Belding. This is one of the best programs on the market today and Clara Kimball Young, Constance and Norma Talmadge are the stars signed for by Messrs. Wright & Joslin, whom there are no better in screenland today. The starting date is about October 21 and all should see the initial performance.

"Before going to bed, I always rub a little Parisian Sage into my scalp," says a woman whose luxurious hair is greatly admired. This cures dandruff, stops itching scalp and keeps the hair from falling out. Guaranteed by Wortley & French—adv.

Marines Appreciate Red Cross. Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—When a wounded soldier is dying his last words are usually, "Tell Mother." A last message from a U. S. Marine who was killed in France has just come to Washington for the "greatest mother in the world." Pvt. Edmund B. Rowe, of the 51st Co., Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. Marines, wrote from a little town in France on July 14, Bastille day, to an American Red Cross official, telling him that the soldier has learned to love that banner as well as he loves the Stars and Stripes.

"If you could only see," he continued, "the expressions of comfort and cheer which your generous donations bring to the dirty, weary countenances of recipients, you would feel highly remunerated for your outlay of time, labor and money. I want the American people and especially all members of the Red Cross to know just how every soldier feels toward your great organization."

The letter bore this postscript from Lieut. Bower of the Marines: "It is with great sorrow that I add these few words. Pvt. Rowe, a member of my section, was killed in action several days after he wrote this and before he had an opportunity to mail it. He was a fine soldier and a real man."

"H. C. H., 'Liberty' and 'Black Seal' cigars will please you. Try them.—Adv.

Council Proceedings

(OFFICIAL)

Council Chambers, Oct. 2, 1918.

Council called to order by Mayor Pales. Roll call. Present: Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly, McCue—5. Absent: Ald. Arnold—1. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Health officer, fire chief and treasurer's reports were read.

Moved by Ald. McCue, seconded by Ald. Hollenbeck, that the reports be accepted, published and placed on file in clerk's office. Yeas—Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly and McCue—5. Nays—0.

City bills:

George McLean, team work	\$ 75
Steve Bostwick, cleaning streets	36.00
A. Wells, labor	21.00
Geo. Kelsey, labor	21.00
Geo. Antcliff, labor	11.70
Jas. Meglin, rent for garage	2.00
E. E. Pales	10.30
Wise & Cobb	2.90
Peoples Sav. Bank	248.00
Standard Oil Co.	23.80
Anna R. Larsen	1.62
Belding Coal & Ice Co., 1000	
Ohio coal, Mrs. Harrington	3.75
F. E. Conant, extra labor	25.00
E. E. Pales, freight bills	2.60
Citizens Tele. Co.	.45
G. W. Kingsbury, groceries	
city poor	4.56
G. A. Stanton	1.00
Spencer Light Co.	350.17
Spencer Light Co., city hall	9.87
Decker, labor	1.50
Charles Luce, City Park commission	1.50

Moved by Ald. Friedly, seconded by Ald. Purdy, that the city bills be allowed and the clerk authorized to draw orders for same. Yeas—Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly and McCue—5. Nays—0.

Will Rushford \$35.49
P. A. Frederick 1.59
E. E. Pales 4.00
Wise & Cobb 1.25
Belding Hdw. Co. 17.60
Spencer Electric Co. 5.53
Barclay, Ayers & Bertsch Co. 3.36
H. Mueller Mfg. Co. 23.38

Moved by Ald. Friedly, seconded by Ald. Shawley, that the water works bills be allowed and the clerk authorized to draw orders for same. Yeas—Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly and McCue—5. Nays—0.

Moved by Ald. Shawley, seconded by Ald. Hollenbeck, that we hire Elmer E. Cook for janitor and truck driver at \$18.00 per week commencing Oct. 1. Yeas—Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly and McCue—5. Nays—0.

Moved by Ald. McCue, seconded by Ald. Friedly, that the common council do now adjourn. Motion re-negated. Yeas—Ald. Shawley, Hollenbeck, Purdy, Friedly and McCue—5. Nays—0.

F. E. Conant, City Clerk.

Monthly report of health officer to the common council of the city of Belding for the month of September, 1918.

Number of complaints of nuisances, 5; nuisances ordered removed, 5; number removed, 5; inspections made, 5.

Classification of nuisance complaints: Filthy barns, 1; filthy privies (to remove), 2; manure (to remove), 2.

Number of cases of contagious disease reported: Gonorrhea, 2. Died 0. Number calls made, city poor, 1; number office calls, city poor, 2; specimens sputa for tubercle bacilli, 2.

Four treatments for syphilis; two specimens for syphilis.

Respectfully submitted, Elmer W. Luce, Health Officer.

Monthly report of the city treasurer for the month of September, 1918:

Paid clerk's orders:

Contingent fund	\$360.69
Street fund	77.82
Operating water works fund	\$46.63
Extension water works fund	157.15
Fire fund	.61
Street lighting fund	354.67
Park fund	65.00
Public library fund	95.06
School library fund	125.36
River Ridge Cemetery fund	25.75
Cement walk fund	9.23
School fund	\$6,311.79
Balance	\$1,583.54

Balance Sept. 1 \$40,086.33
Total \$14,997.40

Contingent fund 41.70
Street fund 192.90
Operating water works fund 53.09
Street lighting fund 4.75
School library fund 3.00
Totals for Sept. 24,793.49

Balance Oct. 1, 1918 \$40,086.33
Total \$31,583.54

Report of Fire Chief for quarter ending Sept. 30, 1918. Salaries:

Don Cook	\$12.50
Art Corey	12.50
Chas. Coon	12.50
Ollie Taft	12.50
Sack Sager	12.50
Robt. Peebles	12.50
Dennis Hogan	12.50
John Andrews	12.50
Frank Klock	12.50
Alfred Moore	12.50
Wess Porter	18.75
McLean Bros.	3.00

Number of fires, when and where: August 16, 1918, Elmer Rich, Birch street.

What Should The Ladies Do? A lady reader wishes to know in what manner ladies should act during the singing of the national anthems or when Old Glory is passing by. This lady feels that it is embarrassing when the men uncover their heads during such times, that the ladies have not some sign also to do the flag or the nation's honor. Personally the editor has made inquiry and can find no mention of what ladies should do and we would welcome any information throwing light on this subject. If the ladies really want to do something at such times we suggest they hold the hats of the men as it is a rather unhandy thing to hold a hat with a bare head and clap your hands at the same time as the flag is passing by and everybody else is applauding.

The Boches aren't really alarmed about the influx of American troops, as they have it straight from Kaiser Bill that the Chinese laundrymen have risen in this country and President Wilson has had to flee the capitol in disguise.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

August 16, 1918

The mess has long been over. The boys are rather "glum."

They are thinking of tomorrow. Of their chance against the guns. For four days, we've been resting. From our ditch upon the line. And now they say we go again. Once more—the final time. Before we get that longed-for rest. So many miles from here. "Somewhere in France" where they replace.

The boys have lost out here; Good fellows—all they fought so well. The hardships they endured! But still they smiled, though facing Hell. And said "Good Luck" to you. We placed them in their lonely graves. And covered them with moss. We placed some poppies on there, too. And at the head—a cross.

"It's hard to think of all those days. Somehow, they get my 'goat'." Those shells are worse than hell itself. And its worse when they hit close.

To be lying on a hillside. Straining eyes to see the "Hun." Who lie concealed there on the crest. And hid by wood and gun. And then to make the slightest move. And have them open fire. It's not fair by any means. And it gets my Yankee ire. We do not fight such men as we—We fight a vast machine; If they would come out fair and square. We'd go like gasoline.

But we'll lick the yellow cowards. We've got them on the run; We chased them thirty kilos here. And believe me, we're not done. The 32nd's on the job. They're never known to quit; Wisconsin and old Michigan. May be proud of all their grit.

Water works bills:

In this tangled bit of woodland. That's been lowered by the shells; In this "Once a heaven for the French."

But now a funeral knell; I sit here in a shell hole. With the ruin all around. Here a grave—and there a grave. And waste, upon the ground. 'Tis the Chateau-Thierry region. And it's been a scene of fight. It reaches from the Marne to Aisne. Going farther with our might.

Did you ever smell the smell of dead? Of dead men,—of horses too? I'm getting so, begad, that I. Can taste it in my 'stew.' We covered up a German one. Not late this morning. He smelled a bit too strong last night. This morn'—we woke too soon. We've filled in lots of shell holes. And we've straightened up a bit; Sort of Reconstruction work I guess. Where those big "Jack Johnsons" hit.

But tomorrow we'll be out of here—That hike will be a sin; But I'd walk and walk and never kick. I'd walk clear to Berlin.

Tonight the sun goes down so slow. It loves the day—suppose. The sky is just a mass of life. All flooded too with gold. The captain and his officers. Enjoy this resting too; In front of their rude dug-out. They are laughing off the blues.

Back further, deeper in the woods. I hear the anvil ring. Shaping shoes for horses and the mules. That haul the heavy things. I can picture my old Daddy there. That hammer swing too. Astanding there before the forge. And turning shoes, so true. I remember when I was a boy. With a "horse-tail" in my hand—I used to "shoo" away the flies. While he nailed the sizzling band.

Those good old days—I wish that I. Could live them o'er again; Just a chance to look him in the eye. And clasp his calloused hand.

I think I hear an aeroplane. Somewhere in the sky; Sounds like a Hun in his Gothic—Wonder if he'll go by. Yes, it's him—I can tell it. Tell it by the motor's hum; But not like a Liberty motor. But has a continuous jump. I remember our first night on the line. When the biggest guns were still; We heard him dropping many bombs. Way back there, in the hills. Perhaps on some lone hospital. Or on some sleeping town; Where, chances for escape are few. With no defense for miles around.

And now it's time for "taps" to sound. So I guess that I'll turn in; I can hardly see the lines I write. The daylight is so dim. But we go on the line tomorrow. And I'll take my chance with the rest; I'd give my life if the war would end. I'd be happy—"Going West."

But somehow I'm optimistic. About my chances there. I kinda feel that I'll go back. To the land of freer air. The mail comes in quite regular. And news of home we hear; But home's a dream—and war's a dream—I'm in a funny sphere. We have to mix sunshine and rain. To make the world go 'round; We're gettin' rain by torrents now. But wait!—till the sun is crowned. Just all keep well and happy. And write me "over here"; Although you're many miles away. I feel your presence near.

Dear Dad and Mother. There are a few lines I meant for you. I wrote them a few evenings ago. How do you like them? We're going to win this war. No doubt about it—and soon, too. With all the love in the world for you, I am. Your Sergeant, Laverne.

P. S.—The things related here are true, my own experiences on the line.

Baptist Church News.

Rally day services held in the Baptist church last Sunday were very successful. The church was prettily decorated with autumn leaves and there was a large congregation; 150 in Sunday school and new members added; offering \$7.23. Program was well carried out which delighted both scholars and visitors.

Musical Topics

Edited by Mrs. K. L. Skahen

Music At The Front

"A surly, unsinging battalion is half licked before it goes into the fight," Maj. Donald Guthrie declares in Scribner's, but, he adds, "I don't think so."

"There is an epidemic of melody at the front, and he is a gross, sour-moued who escapes the infection. He may exist as an individual, he certainly does not exist as a regiment. A song has indeed a subtle strength for the keeping up of one's courage; and such are the stress and strain of conditions in France and Flanders that one need have no shame in owing to the use of all the big and little aids to the maintenance of courage."

"In our mess we had a little old piano. It came from the ancient burg of Dunkirk and had venerability in keeping with its place of origin. Gilbert, in a 'Bab Ballard,' writes of the piano's martial blast. 'Our piano had no martial blast.' It was a pathetic, meek little affair. It had two tarnished candle holders, rattly and insecure, one on either hand. I remember the evening it came, in one of our three-ton motor trucks. It shared the interior of the truck with about two tons of laundry and a box of shrimps—which (both the laundry and shrimps) our quartermaster never failed to bring from Dunkirk. He presumably went for the laundry, but we all knew it was for the shrimps."

"How gently and tenderly the little piano was carried over the 200 yards from the clearing station to the mess!"

Our K. C. chaplain, a monster of flesh and good-heartedness, strained at the carrying until his face became perilously purple. I have never known a casualty on a stretcher more delicately handled than was that piano. It was only a gritty, hard-toned, jangling little thing, but I have seen our medical officers worn out with continuous operation—15 to 20 hours at a stretch, when 'things were doing' on the line—I have seen them gather after dinner about that creaky little piano, with a whole night of ghastly work fronting them and have heard them sing new strength and courage into their souls to the strains of 'O Canada,' 'Alouette,' 'Mother Machree' and other simple pieces."

"Often when no officers were in and about our mess—say, between 10 and 12 of a morning—our good old cook W. would steal into the anteroom with three or four other orderlies and the welkin would ring in short order. W. played the piano even better than he played football, and as a footballer he was a tough customer."

MRS. K. L. SKAHEN
TEACHER OF
PIANO THEORY CHORUS

Studio 315 So. Bridge Street
Phone 312-R. Belding

The Day's Best Thoughts
The Art of Life
and Building

EDITED BY NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON
PRESIDENT HOGGSON BROTHERS - BUILDERS

On Books in Gardens and Gardens in Books
By Richard Le Gallienne

The final test of a building is its utility. In a commercial structure the gauge is its earning capacity; in a private residence success is largely measured by the degree of comfort and convenience accorded occupants.

Whether the return takes the form of rent or its equivalent in use and occupation, the building represents an investment of capital and profit—and there can be no profit unless it serves some true and useful purpose.

Not only must a building be of service but there must be a demand for its use. The mere fact of its existence does not create a demand. The form of its utility must be well defined and the building must be strictly in harmony with its environment.

In every form of improved real estate there are two correlated aspects—the land and the structure. There is small return from land where it is used for other than agricultural purposes. To be of service or earn income, land must be exploited and it can yield profit by one means only—a building. Otherwise it possesses only a potential value, influenced largely by adjoining property; rising values which mean increased taxes and the tax collector, like "the great adventure," is one of the certainties of life.

Building is not an every day affair with the average owner. It is, unquestionably, an event of the first order, and as such it requires a great deal of careful preliminary consideration. The more intelligent study given it in the beginning the better the prospects of a favorable result.

The responsibility for the success of a building depends largely on an owner's personal judgment. His is the initial decision to improve the property and, to quote the old couplet, "well begun is half done." The pitfalls ahead are both structural and economic. The former may be avoided by the choice of a tried and experienced builder, but the latter must be studied and settled before the owner approaches the structural problem.

In the physical detail not a brick is laid until every detail of the building has been laid out—the plans drawn and the design approved, the depth of the foundations decided and the strength of columns calculated the kind of building materials selected and of utmost importance, the cost determined.

The economic problem of the investment should be approached in the same thorough manner. For example, in considering the erection of a commercial building, the owner must

satisfy himself as to the probable demand for its use, the permanence of the demand, competition of present and possible future buildings of same class, rents obtainable, the stability of the zone before he decides on the type of structure.

The changing character of almost any quarter in modern cities is apparent to the most casual observer. With few exceptions, such transitions take place in well defined residential and business sections at intervals of from 30 to 35 years and are important factors in any building investment.

The economic conditions in a district that has recently changed its character may be regarded as static during the lifetime of the investor.

In that period the investment may not have yielded sufficient return to renew itself, for a successful property should produce a surplus with which to eventually renew, not only the amount of the capital originally invested, but ample to allow for the erection of a structure suited to the requirements of changed conditions.

By discounting the future value of the land, where the trend of values shows that there is a reasonable prospect of a decided rise within a few years, an expensive building may be profitably erected in a growing section; in keeping with the initial cost of construction is high in proportion to the value of the land, the depreciation of the building will be eventually balanced by increased land values. On the other hand when all signs point to a transition period in a section a taxpayer is usually the logical form of investment. Such a building would be in keeping with its probable commercial life and when this life can be gauged the cost should be in proportion. Under some circumstances a two-story building with columns and foundations designed to take additional stories would be a compromise.

Modern cities are the result of corporate human activities, linked together into one civic whole, and finding expression in buildings. Aesthetic influences are, as a rule, limited to the architectural character of buildings and seldom determine their erection. The driving force is the satisfaction gained in providing for material needs.

In any preliminary consideration the first essential to establish is the ultimate use of the property. With this definitely settled, and the amount of the building appropriation determined by the anticipated rent in due proportion to the value of the land, the owner may approach his builder.

Fly The Flag.

"So many empty flag poles—so many places for the unfurling of Old Glory."

The above comment was heard by a citizen coming from a person at the depot as they looked over the city and saw flagpole after flagpole. Ticking up from manufacturing establishments and other buildings in this city with nothing to grace their slender, weathered forms, save the hanging and waiting ropes. Why not fly the flag from those places? was the next query and we answered half ashamed that undoubtedly the man who attends to those matters forgot that important part of his day's work that particular morning. But it would be better fitting and proper to have the Stars and Stripes streaming from every flagpole in the city every day of the year during proper weather and during the proper hours.

Buy Bonds.

Have you subscribed for all the bonds you should. It is not a question as to how many you ought to buy or how many you can afford to buy but how many it is possible for you to buy. Remember the boys go 100 per cent. Should we do less?

Stomach Dead

Man Still Lives

People who suffer from sour stomach, fermentation of food, distress after eating and indigestion, and seek relief in large chunks of artificial restorers, are killing their stomachs by inaction just as surely as the victim of morphine is deadening and injuring beyond repair every nerve in his body.

What the stomach of every sufferer from indigestion needs is a good prescription that will build up his stomach, put strength, energy and elasticity into it, and make it sturdy enough to digest a hearty meal without artificial aid.

The best prescription for indigestion ever written is sold by druggists everywhere and by Wortley & French and is rigidly guaranteed to build up the stomach and cure indigestion, or money back.

This prescription is named Mi-o-na, and is sold in small tablet form in large boxes, for only a few cents. Remember the name, Mi-o-na stomach tablets. They never fail.—Adv.

Hello, Patriots!

Uncle Sam wants you to lend him some more money. You came across on the run for the First, Second and Third Liberty Loans. NOW SHOOT THE LEVER INTO HIGH for the FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN AND DOWN GOES THE HUN.

DON'T HOLD OUT ON UNCLE SAM. HE HELPED YOU GET ALL YOU'VE GOT.

Buy, Buy, Buy. You'll be Happier and Wiser. Let's plant a SOLAR PLEXUS PUNCH AND ELIMINATE THE KAISER.

DON'T "PIKE"; PLUNGE! Put your last dollar into the FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

IT'S THE BEST BET YOU EVER MADE IN YOUR LIFE.

Because You Can't Lose

There's nothing so mean in all the world as A STINGY MAN.

AMERICANS ARE NOT STINGY. That's what makes these United States the GREATEST NATION IN THE WORLD.

AMERICANS ARE KNOWN AROUND THE GLOBE AS THE BEST SPENDERS ON EARTH.

SO GO TO IT. LIVE UP TO OUR REPUTATION. PUT YOUR MIND ON UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN, AND LET'S PUT IT OVER WITH A BANG.

A BANG THAT WILL ECHO 'ROUND THE WORLD. A BANG THAT WILL BE THE DEATH KNEEL OF KAISER BILL AND HIS HORDE OF MURDERING HUNS.

NOW, THEN: EVERYBODY, ALL TOGETHER—BUY, BUY, BUY.

THAT'S ME.

Liberty-Loan-fully yours,

GEO. M. COHAN,

SUBSCRIBE THROUGH THE

BELDING SAVINGS BANK

THE BANK ON THE CORNER

Capital, Surplus & Profits over \$75,000

IN A NUT SHELL